by George Berkeley, who, although his method is distinct, is in respect of his conclusions the intellectual successor of Leibnitz. Anything more thorough-going and explicit than Berkeley's affirmations cannot be imagined. We are wholly in error, he declared, if we believe that we have a sensation or perception of external objects; that which we have and perceive is only our sensations themselves. It is not possible that material things should produce anything so wholly distinct from themselves as sensations and ideas. The so-called corporeal objects of outward nature exist only in our idea of them, and have a being only as they are perceived. There is thus no such thing as a material external world. Minds alone exist, *i.e.*, sentient beings whose nature consists in thinking and willing. Whence, then, arise all those sensations which, unlike the images of fancy, seem to come to us without our agency? They come to us, says Berkeley, from a spirit superior to ourselves, for only a spirit can produce conceptions in a spirit. God gives us ideas, and as no being can give what it does not possess, ideas exist in God. These ideas in God Berkeley called archetypes, and their reflexes, or echoes, in us, ectypes. This thoroughgoing subjective idealism, this sweeping negation of matter, he considered the surest weapon with which to combat materialism and atheism.

As we have seen, the realistic and the idealistic schools, instead of reconciling the opposition between thought and being, had both issued in denials of one or the other of these factors. Realism had made matter absolute, and idealism had endowed the Ego with the same sovereign attribute, amid which extremes philosophy was menaced with total destruction. Then Kant arose, and brought again into one channel the two streams which, separate, threatened to lose themselves amid the sands. To Kant, whom he denominates the great renovator of philosophy, Schwiegler allots more space than to any other thinker, Plato alone excepted. In a chapter whose clearness is as remarkable as its precision, he shows how the philosopher of Königsburg reduced once more to unity and totality the one-sided efforts of those who had preceded him. Kant undertook, we are told, to strike a balance between the claims of empiricism on the one hand and idealism on the other, by affirming that the Ego as practical [volitional] is free and autonomic, an unconditioned lawgiver for itself, while as theoretical [intellectual] it is receptive and conditioned by the phenomenal world. It was at the same time insisted by Kant that even the theoretical Ego contains the two sides (subjectivity and objectivity) within itself, for if, on the one hand, empiricism may be justified by the fact that the matter and the sole domain of all our knowledge is furnished by experience, so, on the other hand, idealism may be vindicated, on the ground that there is in all our knowledge an *a priori* factor and basis. For in experience itself we make use of conceptions not supplied by experience, but contained *a priori* in our understanding.

The negative part of the Kantian philosophy, or the Kantian theory of knowledge, is founded on three chief principles. He affirms, for instance—and here he seems at first sight to concur with Berkeley—that we know only phenomena, and not things in themselves. The matter of experience given us by the external world becomes so adjusted and altered in its relations (for we apprehend it at first under the subjective forms of space and time, and then under the equally subjective forms—whereof Kant enumerates twelve—of our understanding's conceptions) that it no longer represents the thing itself in its original condition, pure and unmixed. Kant goes on, however, to aver—and here he agrees with Locke—that experience is the only province of our knowledge, and that there is no science of the unconditioned. For since, in his view, all knowledge is a twofold product to which experience contributes matter and the understanding form, and since it thus depends upon the coöperation of two factors, it follows that no knowledge is possible of objects for which one of these factors, to wit, experience, fails us. Hence the questions which Kant places at the head of his whole Critique, viz., Can we widen our knowledge *a priori* by thought alone, beyond the sensuous experience? and again, Is a knowledge of the supersensible possible? are answered by the philosopher with an unqualified negative. If, nevertheless, human knowledge persists in striving to overstep the narrow limits of experience, *i. e.*, to become transcendent, then, according to Kant, it must involve itself in the most glaring contradictions. Thus the psychological, cosmological, and theological dogmas framed by the pure reason, viz., the idea of an absolute subject, *i. e.*, of the soul or of immortality, the idea of the world as a totality of all conditions and phenomena, the idea of a most perfect being, *i. e.*, of God, are so evidently mere products of the intellect, regulative and not constitutive principles, to which no object in experience corresponds, that whenever they are conceived of as actually existing objects they lead to the most obvious paralogisms and sophisms. It is, said Kant, impossible to prove and to conceive of the existence of a God as a supreme being, or of the soul as a real subject, or of an all-comprehensive universe. The peculiar problems of metaphysics were therefore by him relegated outside the province of philosophical knowledge.

So much for the negative side of the Kantian philosophy formulated in the Critique of the Pure Reason. With the Critique of the Practical Reason (by which term Kant designates the mind regarded as the seat of the will and the impeller to action) we enter a wholly different field, where the reason richly recovers that of which it was deprived in the theoretical province. The practical reason has nothing to do with the cognizableness of objects, but only with those questions which relate to motives, to the grounds of the determination of the will, and to everything which can be known in that connection. As theoretical and cognitive, the mind, as we have seen, is wholly conditioned and ruled by the objective and sensible world, and thus knowledge is only possible through experience. As practical or volitional, on the other hand, the mind, according to Kant, goes wholly beyond the data of experience, the sense impulse, and is determined only through the categorical imperative and the moral law which it finds within itself. It is therefore free and autonomic; the ends which it pursues are those which itself, as moral spirit, sets before itself. Outward objects are no more its masters and lawgivers, to which it must yield if it would know the truth, but rather its servants, which it may use for its own ends in actualizing its innate moral law. Thus while the mind, as cognitive, is chained to a world of sense and phenomena, a world obedient to necessary laws, the mind as volitional, by virtue of the freedom essential to it, by virtue of its direction toward an absolute aim, belongs to a purely ideal and supersensible world. Such is the positive side of Kant's philosophy; the so-called "practical idealism" from which he derives the three practical postulates of the immortality of the soul, moral freedom, and the being of a God, which as theoretical truths attainable by the pure intellect he had felt constrained to abjure. The reality of the idea of freedom is deduced from the possibility of a moral law; that of the idea of immortality is borrowed from the possibility of a perfect virtue; that of the idea of a God follows from the necessary demand for a perfect happiness. These three ideas, however, which the speculative reason treated as insoluble problems, have not even now become theoretical dogmas, but are termed by Kant practical postulates or necessary premises of moral action. Our theoretical knowledge is not at all enlarged by them; we only know that there are objects corresponding to these ideas, but of these objects we can know no more. Yet has the volitional and act-impelling mind, or, as he technically calls it, the practical reason, in the eye of Kant the primacy over the pure reason, since it has acquired for us a certainty respecting the objective reality of these ideas of God, freedom of will, and immortality.

The Kantian philosophy soon gained in Germany an almost undisputed rule. The imposing boldness of its premises, the novelty of its results, the wide applicability of its principles, the moral severity of its view of the world, and above all the spirit of freedom and moral autonomy which appeared in it, gained for it an assent as enthusiastic as it was extended. Among those disciples who, beginning with an exposition of his doctrines, went on to modify the Kantian philosophy, Fichte and Schelling were most conspicuous. The Kantian dualism, according to which the Ego as theoretic is subjected to the external world, while as practical it is its master, Fichte sought to remove by emphasizing the primacy of the practical reason. "All that is is the Ego" is the principle of the perfected Fichtean system, which thus represents subjective idealism in its consequence and completion. Schelling's philosophy, on the other hand, which Schwiegler would describe as an objective idealism, differed from Fichte's system through its abstract, objective apprehension of the absolute. To Schelling the absolute was pure indifference, identity; there was no possibility of a transition from it to the definite and real, and in it the spiritual surrendered its primacy to the physical, the one being equated with the other, and the pure objective indifference of the ideal and the real being placed as a conception above both mind and matter. By a violent reaction from these doctrines arose the Hegelian philosophy, which admits nothing higher than the idea, neither anything apart from it, since everything which exists is only the actualization of the idea. As Schelling had posited an objective in the place of Fichte's subjective idealism, so Hegel lifted himself above both these opposites, striving after an absolute idealism, which should once more subordinate the natural to the spiritual, and yet at the same time comprehend both as inwardly one and the same. Like the systems, however, of his predecessors, Hegel's philosophy was based upon a one-sided interpretation of Kant. In his "Logic and Science of Nature" he made the idealistic element of Kant's system, the apriority and spontaneity of pure thought, superior to the corresponding realistic element, and postulated it as the ground from which this latter is to be logically deduced. Now the entire significance of the Critique of the Pure Reason rests upon the fact that it posits these elements as coördinate, and their relation as that of reciprocal determination. It was inevitable, therefore, as is pointed out in the appendix to this volume, that as soon as the real antagonism between the two systems should be clearly discerned, a reaction toward the true Kantian theory would set in. This did in fact occur, and it was one of the prime causes of the downfall of the Hegelian philosophy. Moreover, the central doctrine of Hegelianism, viz., that knowledge is possible through pure thought alone (which was the immediate result of the subordination of Kant's realism to his idealism), involved consequences which modern thought cannot for a moment admit. It involved not only the affirmance of the possibility of absolute knowledge, but, as an obvious inference from this postulate, the assumption that the physical no less than the purely speculative sciences can be determined *a priori*, and that the same method, too, is applicable in both cases. The falsity of this assumption is demonstrated by the whole history of the inductive sciences, and it is, no doubt, in this astounding contradiction of the firmly rooted realism of modern thought that the paramount cause of the wide-spread and vehement recoil from Hegel is to be found. Within thirty years after his death his authority was almost wholly destroyed, and to-day, although his indirect influence in Germany and elsewhere is still large, but few of his doctrines are generally acknowledged to be valid principles of thought. The simple truth is that Hegelianism is not only incompatible with the modern attitude of physical research, but irreconcilable with the social, political, and religious radicalism of the present age.

With his account of Hegel's system Schwiegler concludes his history of philosophy, but the lines of inquiry followed by still later thinkers are indicated in some supplementary chapters now added to the volume. The immediate effect of the eclipse of Hegelianism in Germany and elsewhere has been the introduction of the greatest confusion into speculative thought, and the widest possible spread of individualism and eclecticism. In this chaos of opinions, however, certain tendencies are traceable which express clearly the underlying drift of contemporary thought, and formulate the problems whose solution the new epoch on which philosophy is now entering must inevitably attempt. Of these movements, two in particular are carefully delineated in Mr. Smith's appendix to this book. Both movements are, so far as they are yet developed, realistic and pantheistic, if not more strictly atheistic, and each is in a different way the logical opposite of Hegelianism—the first in that it exalts the objective entity perceived above the subject perceiving, and the will above the idea; the second in that it asserts the supremacy of the mechanical relations of things over the ideal relations of thoughts. The first school, or rather tendency, is represented by Schopenhauer and Hartmann. Of the second, which is manifestly a general movement of the age, the most prominent exponents are Comte, J. S. Mill, and Herbert Spencer, who reached their point of view, however, by a logical procession from Locke, and in entire independence of German philosophy. To the well-known views of Mill and to the principles formulated by Spencer we need not now advert; but no survey, however cursory, of this admirable work would be at all adequate without some reference to the analysis of Comte's positivist doctrines and of Schopenhauer's pessimistic system.

What the positivism of Comte is may be discerned from his celebrated "law of the three stages," which contains the central conception of his system. This law asserts that in its historical growth intelligence, whether considered on the whole or in the separate sciences through which it is manifested, necessarily passes successively through three different theoretical conditions or stages of development, viz., the theological or fictitious, the metaphysical or abstract, and the positive or scientific. In the highest or positive stage, not only does anthropomorphism in all its forms disappear, but the abstract notion of causality itself is removed, and the idea of *law* takes its place. All questions in reference to the how and why are thenceforth set aside, and the mind devotes itself to the simple inquiry, What? to the observation and classification of phenomena as they are actually experienced in their invariable relations of coexistence, succession, and resemblance. Whatever may be said of the originality and value of Comte's special doctrines—and the author of these supplemental chapters would not assign to them much significance—it is not gainsaid that as regards his general standpoint Comte was the exponent of an important, widespread, and aggressive movement of speculative thought, and that as such he merits no humble place in the history of philosophy.

Schopenhauer's theory of morals is the best-known and most interesting part of his philosophy, and it is this which has exerted the greatest influence upon contemporary life and thought. His ethical system rests upon the postulate that the sole object of conscious volition is gratification of the appetites and desires; that the happiness of the individual is the only motive to which the will is susceptible. But is happiness attainable? This question Schopenhauer answers in the negative. Were the will to compass its end, it would be reduced to a state of absolute repose; volition, appetite, and desire would vanish, and the will as "will to live" would be annihilated. The impossibility of gratification must therefore inhere in the very nature of the will to live. Upon this principle is based Schopenhauer's doctrine of pessimism. Unrest in the will being made the ground of all existence, it follows that pain, unhappiness, misery, are the universal lot of all individuals, conscious or unconscious. The world is then absolutely bad, the worst possible. There is, however, a way out of this evil through freedom from the dominion of external motives, a freedom only achievable through the negation of all appetite, desire, and volition, in a word, the negation of the will to live. The first stage in the negation of the will to live is the feeling of pity and compassion for others. Altruistic sentiment is thus made the ground of justice and of all social morality. The second and highest stage of self-effacement is the cessation of all volition. In this all thoughts of individual or social well-being disappear and the subject experiences the blessedness of perfect repose. The highest morality is, then, according to Schopenhauer, the most complete asceticism, and the supreme bliss is a trance-like ecstasy. Strange fact, that the very latest of idealistic systems which has impressed and thralled the mind of Europe should be an attempt to reproduce the Buddhist doctrine of *Nirvana*. Thus our sketch, which opened with the mystical self-destruction enjoined by the Neoplatonic philosophy, and which closes with the ecstatic self-surrender of Schopenhauer, bears on its beginning and its end the imprint of Buddhist thought.

M. W. H.

CHILDREN FOR THE DRAMA.

Selecting Attractive Girls at Booth's—A Girl's Pathetic Appeal.

The advertisement called for fifty attractive girls, aged from 12 to 16, to appear in the palace scene of "Cinderella." They were requested to apply at 1¼ on Tuesday afternoon at the Sixth avenue entrance of Booth's Theatre. Applicants began to appear long before that hour, but they did not in all cases answer readily to the term "attractive," neither were they all as young as 16, judging by appearances. Where a woman's age is concerned, appearances are often deceitful, but Doorkeeper Corwin thought he was warranted in rejecting several that applied, without the formality of an inspection by the stage manager. "Are you not more than 16, madam?" he said to a small, faded woman whose cheeks were shrunken, though blooming, and around whose eyes were not a few crows' feet. "Of course," she replied briskly. "You can tell that well enough, but I can make up young. I know how to make up as well as any one in the business, and you wouldn't know me from a child when you saw me on the stage in a nice rig and a short dress. It's all in the make up, you know."

"I don't think you'll do, madam," said Mr. Corwin. "You'd make up for a child about as well as I would for Romeo. Good morning." The fact that Mr. Corwin is a rosy-faced, gray-haired, short, and particularly rotund person, gave such weight to this last remark that the woman turned away sorrowfully, but not as if annoyed. She had evidently been told that she was "too old" before.

At 1½ o'clock the stage was crowded with applicants for positions. There were at least 150 girls there, ranging from the mite of five years to the matron of fifty, and of much diversity of appearance. Nearly all of them were comfortably clad, and the majority of children were neat, pretty, and well behaved. Certain harmless deceptions were evidently undertaken. There were girls, apparently over 16 years, judging by their faces, but mere chits judging by their dresses, which were as short as those of some of the little ones. These old girls wore waterproofs most of the time—long waterproofs that reached nearly to the ground. They seemed to feel more at ease when they wore them, and with them on they looked like young women. They discarded them when they stepped forward for inspection.

Mr. George Fawcett Rowe, the author and actor, was the judge and arbiter of the fates of these collected young persons. He was the sun around whom all these feminine satellites revolved. When he ventured on the stage, they thronged around him, each eager to present her claims for managerial consideration. When he went into the auditorium, they ranged themselves in a long line across the stage, as near to the front as possible.

"There's lots of 'em we don't want," he said dolefully. "I don't want to say so, though. I hate to disappoint the poor things. We give little enough certainly, but they seem anxious for that little. Now, what can I do with that tall girl there? She won't do, even if she isn't 10 years old. We must size 'em up. Louis [to the call boy], bring up the most promising."

So saying he took his stand at the back of the stage, and Louis selected two very pretty, well-dressed children, and they went to Mr. Rowe. They were as self-possessed as young women of 20, spoke with refined accent, and gave names that suggested the stage at once. They were no novices.

"Can you stay out after 10½ at night?" asked the manager.

The children grinned, as though the question was absurd. "My sister comes for me," said one. "I can stay," said the other.

"Have you a white dress?" asked Mr. Rowe.

"Yes, sir, but it is too short."

"Too short! The idea! How can anything be too short for a mite like you?"

"But it don't come to my knees."

"Oh, that'll do very well. Now run right away home. You'll get a card when you are wanted. What do you want, madam?" to a plainly dressed, middle-aged woman.

"I've got my two girls here."

"Then you don't want to go on as a child yourself?"

"Well, I think I know too much for that. Yes, sir, they can sing. White dresses? Yes, sir, they've got 'em. Thank you. Don't you want another girl? I've got one at home 5 years old. She's real smart."

"No, no; no five-year-olds. We'd have the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children down upon us in a jiffy. How old are you, child?" to a big-eyed, pathetic-looking girl, who trembled as she said:

"Twelve next month, sir."

"You're rather young. The Society won't let you act."

"Please, sir, let me. I can do it, I'm sure. It isn't hard, is it?"

"Hard? No. You just walk on and run off in one act, and stand around in another. But you are too young, the Society says, and the Society knows best, my dear." The child turned away very sorrowfully.

A gray-haired woman in black held the hand of a little girl, and the two looked around the big stage as if it were new to them.

"Your little girl's too young, madam—too young. We have plenty here between 12 and 16, and we can't take her. I'm sorry, too. Hard lines, ain't it? [Turning to the reporter.] That woman needs the money her child would earn. Hang it, I wish I could hire them all."

He had no difficulty in securing all the children he wished, and a right good-looking lot of little women they were. As fast as their names were registered they trooped off happily.

"Mr. Rowe," said a slender young woman, with hollow, flushed cheeks, and whose eyes were very bright; "Mr. Rowe, please give me a place. I don't expect, of course, to go on as a child; but I do want to get something to do. I'll work for you for nothing, if you'll give me a chance to begin." She spoke quickly, and twisted her fingers nervously.

"She's stage struck," said some of the larger girls, laughing.

"I am very anxious to get something to do," the girl went on, her cheeks flushing deeply. "I ain't very strong, and I can't endure the work in a store. I did make some things—embroidery and that, you know—and sold them; but it hurts me to do that work. But I am willing to work very hard here. I don't expect to be a star; oh, no, I'm not so foolish as that; but I do want a chance. Why, sir, I'll do the lowest work here—I'll scrub the floors, if you'll only give me a chance to come on."

"Hush, my dear, don't speak so loud," said the manager, for the girls had collected in a throng. She paid no attention to them.

"I can't help it, I am so much in earnest. I know that several good actors have begun away down, and I am willing to. I know that it will be very hard work, but I'll do it. Please give me a chance."

The listening girls stopped laughing, for this girl was pathetic in her appeals.

"All right, my dear. I can give you something, but you'll have very little to do—only to walk off and on."

"Oh thank you. God bless you sir;" and she hurried off, leaving the manager red in the face and moist in the eyes.

"In all my experience," he said, "I never saw a more pathetic case than that. The girl is evidently too ill to work hard, but her pluck is tremendous. Poor thing!"

HEAVY ON OPERA HOUSES.

An Enterprising City which has One for Every 21,000 Inhabitants.

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 5.—It is true that there are in this great country cities larger than New Haven, but when you come to talk opera houses this town can knock the everlasting spots out of all of them, big and little. Only a few years ago we had none; now we have three; or one opera house for every 21,000 inhabitants. First they altered the old Universalist church into a theatre, and called it the New Haven Opera House. Next the owner of Music Hall renovated and otherwise improved that establishment and named it the Grand Opera House. Then United States Marshal Carll built a big theatre, which has just been opened to the public, and this is distinguished as Carll's Opera House. Last Saturday all these places of amusement were opened and we had three matinées and three evening entertainments. As the combined seating capacity of these houses is about 5,000, it will be observed that the six performances were calculated to amuse 10,000 persons, or about one in six of the entire population. None of our opera houses found occasion on Saturday to hang up in front the placard:

STANDING ROOM ONLY.

Some of the more conservative townsfolk concede that it may strain the people a little to support all three opera houses; but the out-and-outers say that New Haven means business, and that if any other city should attempt to rival her New Haven will at once put up more opera houses.

CHEAP LIVING IN PARIS.

Information for Americans—How to Secure Cheap Apartments and Good Service.

The problem of how to live abroad on a small income is one that has been anxiously studied and not always satisfactorily solved. But it can be done. Some years ago a trip to Europe was supposed to be a privilege reserved only for the wealthy. Now the way is open to any one who has several hundred a year, the courage to be independent, and the fortitude to endure a few hardships. For those who go abroad to study—above all to study art—there are wonderful facilities in Europe, and especially in Paris, where all the art schools under the great painters are largely composed of American students, male and female.

We will suppose that the men can take care of themselves on the voyage. Some are brave enough to go as second-class passengers, but for women this is not pleasant. Those who are forced to cross alone, and as economically as possible, may be glad to learn that a double ticket can be procured at much less expense than two single ones. This return ticket is good for a year. It may be renewed, or it can be changed to any other steamer on the same line. The French line is the easiest and most direct way for a woman to go to Paris. It lands her in Havre and gives her a first-class ticket through to Paris, so that there is no delay, and she reaches that city in a few hours.

The next step is to establish yourself in a quiet, respectable little hotel. If the study of art or any kind of study is to be the main object, get one near the Luxembourg Gardens, as this quarter is the most convenient for art galleries and public libraries. After a temporary lodgment look out for small unfurnished apartments. My mistake was in renting apartments—which seemed remarkably cheap to my American eyes—at $150 a year. They consisted of two bedrooms, a dining room, a kitchen, and a sitting room. If there are two to share expenses, this does very well, but where you are alone, and strict economy is necessary, two rooms can be had anywhere from $50 upward, and a single room, high up, but very comfortable, for $25 a year. They can be found in a nice quiet neighborhood, and in thoroughly respectable houses, guarded night and day by a concièrge, who allows no one to pass either in or out after nightfall without giving his name.

As to furniture, it is possible to hire whole sets for a bedroom, dining room, or other pieces at a moderate rate; but it is still more economical to buy them outright. It can be done at a much less cost than hiring, if you know where to go. The neat iron bedstead and spring mattress with pillows must of course be new, but at some of the large stores in the Avenue du Maine they can be bought for half the price charged at the fashionable places on the other side of the river. Sheets, pillowcases, towels, napkins, and similar articles are to be found at the celebrated "Bon Marché," all hemmed, ready for use, for the same price as the material unmade. Other furniture can be picked up for a mere trifle in the second-hand stores of the Latin Quarter and in all less pretentious parts of the city. I had the fortune to buy some beautiful old carved chairs of the style of the last century, worth about $15 each, for $1 each. I bought tables and chests of drawers fully as cheap, and quaint old plates and dishes—in fact everything under the sun, from beautiful but ragged old tapestry down to useful, but not ornamental, and decidedly rusty pokers and coal scuttles. All these things serve just as well to fit up a student's room during his year or two of study, and they help to keep his money for other and more satisfactory uses.

Another and most important question is that of service. In some houses the concièrge is willing for a reasonable sum to sweep rooms, bring up water, and even provide the usual cup of morning coffee. More than this, however, he will not do, and he cannot always be relied on for even so much. Of course, if you can afford to keep a servant things are very much simplified; but I am writing for those to whom strict economy is necessary, and I am trying to show how a little money may be made to go a great way. The French are proverbially the most economical nation in the world. After spending a year or two with them you will be surprised to find that a franc seems almost as much as a dollar did in America, and that it can be made to go almost as far. They have simplified this great question of service, and have solved the vexed problem by introducing into domestic life that indispensable creation, the *femme de ménage*, the housekeeper. She represents a class of women who make it their sole business to go from house to house by the hour or number of hours each day to do the housework or cooking for families or single individuals who cannot afford to keep a servant.

Imagine the convenience of having a nice, tidy woman coming to your rooms early in the morning, say 8 o'clock, cooking your breakfast and then doing all your chamberwork, sweeping, dusting, and leaving you in perfect order for the day by 10 o'clock, just two hours, and all this for the moderate cost of ten cents. Their charges are actually but five cents an hour. A great many quite well-to-do families live in this way, having the *femme de ménage* two hours three times a day to prepare their meals and do the necessary housework. To be sure, the floors of polished wood, or paved tiles, with a few rugs scattered around, make sweeping a much easier matter than our heavy American carpets, which accumulate the dust.

The French always have for their early breakfast merely a cup of coffee or chocolate, with a roll or a small loaf of bread. Then at noon the real breakfast, or *déjeuner à la fourchette*, is eaten. It is comparatively a substantial meal, and usually includes an omelette, chop, salad, and *confiture*, or sweetmeats. Then, at 6 or 7, comes dinner. An American in Paris soon falls into this way of living, as it is much more convenient and more wholesome, to say nothing of the great question of economy.

For those who do not care to take their early breakfast at home—students at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, for instance, and other art schools, some of which open at 7 A. M.—there are the nicest little places, called *cremeries*, where you can get a bowl of coffee or chocolate and a roll for four or five cents, according to quantity. These little establishments, in addition to their early breakfast trade, sell fresh butter and eggs, milk and cream, cheese and fruit. It is surprising what a small quantity of provisions you can buy in Paris. For example, who would dare in New York to ask for two cents' worth of butter? Here it is a matter of course, and the fresh, clean-looking girl, always wearing a white apron and cap, serves you across a snowy white marble counter, and cuts the exact quantity with a wire, never making a mistake, as you will see when it is weighed.

Among other conveniences for those who do not want to cook at home are the *charcuterie* shops, at which are sold cold ham, tongue, veal, and delicious galatine, a sort of boned chicken and turkey, all kinds of sausages, and even sardines at retail, two for a cent. These are all sold by the small quantity. A slice of ham for five cents is enough for several sandwiches.

Again at the *Rôtisserie* you can buy roast chicken just out of the oven, whole or by the piece, a leg or wing, or slice of breast. All kinds of game and meat are to be had already roasted, or cooked to order and sent home at any specified hour. It is an immense convenience, and a great saving in fuel alone.

There are also to be seen little stalls where fried potatoes and small fish are sold hot, every day from 11 till 2 o'clock, when you will meet strings of girls and men in their blouses hurrying off with a brown paper bag steaming in their hands, two or three cents' worth being enough for a meal, even for a hungry man. Speaking of fuel, I must tell you of a little contrivance I discovered which is invaluable, and certainly the cheapest cooking apparatus ever invented. It is a tiny stove of sheet iron, hardly larger than a quart measure. It costs about twenty-five cents. The material burned in it is a sort of very fine charcoal called *braise*, which is bought at the baker's. It is the residue of the baker's fuel, and it is sold very cheaply, four cents worth being enough to last a whole week. The fire in this little stove is enough to make tea and coffee, and to boil eggs, or even to broil fish or chops. It makes no dirt, and it is exceedingly easy to light a fire. For heating rooms the best thing to be used is coke, either in a stove or open grate. It is much less expensive than wood, and gives out more heat. It is to be bought by the bag of the coal merchants. You can find these merchants anywhere, and they will send home for you the smallest quantity of fuel.

The trouble with American students is that they come to Paris knowing nothing of the way the French manage to live comfortably with but slight expenditure. You may live in a hotel for years without learning any better. There are several reasons for this. One is unquestionably that it is to the advantage of the hotel keepers not to "tell all they know." Your fellow student naturally does not care to make public his private economies, although the greater number of French students are very poor and live in this way, especially those whose families are at a distance. Then, too, there is generally a sort of jealousy between the *concierges* and *femmes de ménage*, as the *concierges*, knowing the liberality of Americans in fees, will prefer themselves to do your work and pocket the perquisites. I actually lived in Paris a whole year before I ever heard the word *femme de ménage* mentioned, or knew that such an individual existed, and then found out by accident. I had been living in a suite of rooms, and keeping my own servant, who cheated me horribly all that time, while I might have been equally comfortable in two rooms with a nice *femme de ménage* to do my work for a little more than a quarter the money. In fact, during that first year I spent three times as much as I did the next. It cost me all that to learn, but I shall count it not all lost if by these few hints I may be able to help any who, with small means, desire to avail themselves of the great advantages of study in Paris.

M. B. O. F.

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

October Colors.

Again the unseen Hand that bends
The rainbow's arch of splendor,
That fires the flush of morn and blends
The sunset's raptures tender,
Its wealth of living light hath brought,
With scarce a line that's sober,
To paint with free poetic thought
The wild woods of October.

The regal oak rules all the holt,
Save where, on angry mission,
The sumac rears its red revolt
And heads intense sedition;
Their beacons o'er the copses leap,
But in the dale grow duller,
And thence through all the forest deep
Run rife with frenzied color.

All purple-plashed, the hawthorn sere
Beneath the chestnut's glory,
Droops, like a hurt vivandiere,
To tell the battle's story.
The ruddy tide hath scarlet-stained
The banners of the beeches,
While still the dark pines, stiffly trained,
Stretch o'er the rocky reaches.

Where late, in green seclusion rolled,
The peaceful Summer rested,
Proud Autumn flaunts her cloth-of-gold,
Starred, liveried, and crested.
With stately step she keeps her tryst,
All bright, though brief, her season;
Green favors now at knee or wrist
Were sheer artistic treason.

Through all the land, October woods
Their festal fires have lighted
The wide earth from her opiate moods
To visions further-sighted.
Back! winter, back! nor from her wrest
The purples that enrobe her,
The passionate hues that still invest
The wild woods of October!

NATHAN D. URNER.

A Mortifying Subject.

What is to be, I do not know:
What is, I do esteem
To be so undesirable
And worthless, that I deem
There must be something good in store,
Something to keep in view,
To compensate us living here,
For living as we do.

For life—oh life, it seems a chore!
Its surface is so blurred
By cares and passions that it makes
One long to be interred;
To occupy a tranquil spot
Some seven feet by two,
And just serenely lie and rot,
With nothing else to do.

I think that when there ceased to be
Sufficient tenement
To hold my conscience then I would
Begin to be content.
And if I should be there to see
My stomach take its leave,
I'd gather up my mouldering shroud
And chuckle in my sleeve.

I think that when the greedy worm
Began upon my brains,
I'd wish him luck, and hope he'd get
His dinner for his pains.
I'd warn him that they would be apt
With him to disagree,
For if they fed him well, 'twere what
They seldom did for me.

But when I should be certain that
My scarred and battered heart
Was of my corporality
Not any more a part,
Though I'd no voice, I'd rattle in
My throat, with joyous tones;
And with no feelings left, I would
Feel happy in my bones.

Pleasant Street.

From Youth's Companion.

'Tis Pleasant, indeed,
As the letters read
On the guideboard at the crossing,
Over the street
The branches meet,
Gently swaying and tossing.

Through its leafy crown
The sun strikes down
In wavering flakes and flashes,
As winding it goes
Betwixt tall rows
Of maples and elms and ashes.

There, high aloof
In the gilded roof,
Are the phœbe and vireo winging
Their fitful flight
In the flickering light;
The hangbird's basket swinging.

By many a great
And small estate,
And orchard cool and pleasant,
And croquet ground,
The way sweeps round,
In many a curve and crescent.

In crescents and curves
It sways and swerves,
Like the flow of a stately river,
On carriage and span,
On maiden and man,
The dappling sunbeams quiver.

It winds between
Broad slopes of the green
Wood-mantled and shaggy highland,
And shores that rise
From the lake, which lies
Below, with its one fair island.

The long days dawn
Over lake and lawn,
And set on the hills, and at even
Above it beam
All the lights that gleam
In the starry streets of heaven.

But not for these,
Lake, lawns and trees,
And gardens gay in their season—
Its praise I sing
For a sweeter thing,
And a far more human reason.

Children I meet
In house and street,
Pretty maids and happy mothers,
All fair to see;
But one to me
More beautiful than all others!

One whose pure face,
With its glancing grace,
Makes every one her lover;
Charming the sight
With a sweeter light
Than falls from the boughs above her.

Though on each side
Are the homes of pride,
And of beauty—here and there one—
The dearest of all,
Though simple and small,
Is the dwelling of my fair one.

You will marvel that such
A gay sprite so much
Of a grave man's life engages,
And smile when I
Confess with a sigh
The difference in our ages.

Must love depart
With our youth, and the heart,
As we grow in years, become colder?
My love is but four,
While I am two score,
And may be a trifle older.

With her smile and her glance,
And her curls that dance,
No one could ever resist her.
If anywhere
There's another so fair,
Why, that must be her sister.

With screams of glee
At the sight of me,
Together forth they sally
From under the boughs
That screen the house
That stands beside the valley.

It is scenes like these,
As they clasp my knees
And clamor for kiss and present,
That still must make
Our street by the lake
More pleasant—oh, most pleasant!

Ride merrily past,
Glide smoothly and fast,
O throngs of wealth and of pleasure!
While sober and slow
On foot I go,
Enjoying my humble leisure.

O World, before
My lowly door
Daily coming and going;
O tide of life,
O stream of strife,
Forever ebbing and flowing!

By the show and the shine
No eye can divine
If you be fair or hateful;
I only know,
As you come and go,
That I am glad and grateful.

So here, well back
From the shaded track,
By the curve of its greenest crescent,
To-day I swing
In my hammock, and sing
The praise of the street named Pleasant.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Four O'Clock.

From the Sunday School Times.

The work of the day is ended,
And thankfully I stay
To watch the last tardy straggler
Depart on his noisy way.

The wind is lifting gently
The yellow window blind,
And idly turning the pages
Of the books that are left behind.

And faintly the merry voices
Float in the hall open door,
And glints of the westering sunlight
Slant over the dusty floor.

And I sit and tiredly wonder—
For the room is very still—
How my words have wrought with the children,
Whether for good or ill!

SARA DUNCAN.

The crew of Life Saving Station No. 5, at Asbury Park, hauled a seine recently, and caught 1,900 pounds of striped bass, that netted them twenty-five cents a pound.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD NEW YORK.

The Mt. Pitt Circus—Charlotte Purdy—The Gas Riot—Kate Claxton's Grandfather.

Fifty years ago the Seventh Ward, with its surroundings, was quite a hotbed of character and typical idiosyncrasies. Making a parallelogram from the present Grand Street Ferry on the East River straight down Division street to Chatham square, then across the square one block to Henry street, and up Henry street in a straight line to the East River again, we have a small district or territory which disclose many curious relics of character and incident.

To begin at the northeast corner of the field, we find that some fifty years ago an enterprising manager had established there, near the site of the present ferry to Williamsburgh, a place of amusement called the Mount Pitt Circus. It was, of course, a great novelty in that section of the town, and was for a time quite successful. It remains impressed on the memory of the writer, inasmuch as he visited it when a youngster, but mainly because it was there, on the original sand banks of the site of the circus, that Richard, or, as he was familiarly known, Dick Sands, threw his first flip-flaps. Mr. Sands was in his day one of the most famous of our circus men, individually sometimes, but generally as one of a firm, of which the principal was Sands & Lent. Communicating his adventures many years ago, he gave an account of his visit to England, and his rides with the Duke of Rutland in his eight-horse coach through the English villages to the Rutland estate. It was afterward that Sands performed his famous feat, in Paris, of walking on the ceiling with patent shoes, fly fashion, and carrying his head down. Incidental to the vicinity mentioned, it may be said that it has a street, the only one in New York, which has not sufficient vowels to spell it with, namely, Goerck street, time out of mind pronounced Gorick street. Travelling down Division street, we after a while reach the store of John Pease, projector and proprietor of "Pease's Horehound Candy," so famous in that day in all the newspapers, on all the dead walls, and in everbody's mouth. Mr. Pease, it is said, employed several special poets of his own.

Another celebrity, a grocer near by, in familiar nomenclature Greasy Peterson, acquired great renown on the east side by his purchase, under cover of his shabby and thriftless appearance, of a sloop load of butter at six cents the pound, at which price the bantering vender had offered it to him, not dreaming that he could command money to buy at any price. The east side tradesmen used to relate with great glee "Greasy's" production of his money pouch filled with bright gold pieces. Some distance up the street lived then a remarkable character, a man of sturdy build, with Indian complexion and a great length of black Indian hair. He was Judah Hammond, then a school teacher, afterward for a long time first Judge of the Marine Court, then held in the old Almshouse, which occupied the site of the present New Court House in the City Hall Park. The writer once heard the venerable Judge read, at the meeting of a learned society, one or more books of an epic poem he had written.

And now we come to the great feature of the street, the milliners' shops, a continuous string for an entire block, owned and kept by pretty women, and in that day as much resorted to as are now the fashionable modistes of Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue. The lady milliners were noted for their beauty, and made great havoc among the bachelors and beaux of East Broadway, especially one Charlotte Purdy, the belle of the sisterhood. If we turn the corner into the Bowery for a moment we shall come at No. 9½ upon a wild beast show of the antique order. If we step across the way we can visit the fruit shop kept by a little Frenchman, Mr. Chanfrau, the father of our present popular actor, Mr. Frank Chanfrau. To retrace our steps we reach, at the junction of Division street and the Bowery, a most extraordinary thoroughfare, if it may be so called. From the time it starts at the junction until it comes out at the other end, it is a perfect zigzag. Every house stands on a line by itself, so that at almost every step you are turning the corner. This is Doyer street, the principal occupant of which was Mme. Always, a Quaker teacher of an infant school of her own, held in a triangular room in a building on one of the many corners of the street. The street takes its name from Mrs. Doyer, the grandmother, I believe, of Mr. Joseph Larocque, the noted lawyer of the present firm of Shipman, Barlow, Larocque & MacFarland. Counsellor Larocque's father was in those days a dry goods merchant, just below Doyer street on Chatham square. Henry Doyer was in 1813 a merchant at 160 Chatham street, residing at 3 Doyer street.

We have now reached Chatham square—not so long ago an open meadow or common, then the play ground of the east side boys, and now the depot of the elevated railroads. Base ball was the favorite game played on the square fifty years ago; it was then a simple pastime with yarn balls and flat sticks for bats. Occasionally a boy, more lucky than the rest, would bring on the ground a ball with a heart of sturgeon's nose, procured in the street, near the racket court in Allen street, where it had been driven over the wall by a rash blow. The square was on one occasion the scene of a riotous demonstration known as the Gas Riot, growing out of an arrangement among the merchants doing business on the square to shut down upon the gas company, whose rates were considered extortionate. One merchant, a man of character and resolution, did not concur in the closing movement, and, keeping his store open in the evening, was assailed by a mob with showers of eggs and other missiles. The writer recollects seeing Philip Hone, then Mayor, on the ground on horseback, a stately gentleman, whose presence quelled the excitement.

If we now cross the square toward the East River we come to the famous Oliver Street Baptist Church, remarkable for years in the annals of our city as a great centre of religious influence and interest. The original structure was a frame building, resembling not a little an ordinary country barn. Then followed a more pretentious structure of stone and brick. That church was the scene of the labors of Spencer H. Cone, who was appointed in 1826 coadjutor to the Rev. John Williams. Mr. Williams was a Welshman by birth, and the Welsh seemed to have at first a predominance in the church and the neighborhood. The late Marshall O. Roberts was born at the lower end of the street, No. 5, not far from the residence of the Rev. Mr. Williams, and there was, according to the writer's recollection, a member of the church by the name of Roberts who may have been the merchant's brother. Owen Roberts, the father of Marshall O. Roberts, a Welshman, had his office in Cherry street, at that time a notable street for business, including among others the offices of professional men. Among the number were Wm. K. Thorne, the lawyer, who married a daughter of Commodore Vanderbilt; the late James R. Whiting, District Attorney and Judge of one of our principal courts; John Leveridge, lawyer, so much noticed as resembling Gen. Lafayette, who is now living, at an advanced age, and may be seen daily entering a law office opposite the Post Office. There, also, was to be found Capt. Skiddy, father of the late famous merchant, Francis Skiddy. The Skiddy family were noted dancers, and maintained a spirited and friendly rivalry in saltation with the Robertsons, who lived further up the ward. Here also was Henry Brooks, the clothing merchant, who has been so long and so worthily succeeded by his sons, Brooks Brothers.

To return to the Oliver Street Church. Its new pastor, Spencer H. Cone, was a man of varied experience. He had been teacher, soldier, editor, and actor. As a preacher he was truly great; his style was pictorial, vivid, earnest, and of electrical energy. He was vehement in his opinions and decided in their utterance. His two "objective" points were Romanism and the theatre; yet, strangely enough, his younger son, Wallace Cone, married a Catholic lady, and his daughter, the granddaughter of Spencer H. Cone, Kate Claxton, is now before the public on the stage as an actress. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the writer has heard Mr. Cone, in his discourses, refer more than once to his theatrical career, and particularly the circumstance that he was acting upon the stage of the Richmond Theatre when it was burned in 1811. His granddaughter, Miss Kate Claxton, it will be remembered, was in a similar situation at the Brooklyn Theatre. In the body of the Oliver Street Church, as members or pew holders, could be seen many noted families, among them Samuel Millbank, proprietor of the great brewery in Catharine street, father of Jeremiah Millbank, who so lavishly upheld with his means his side of the long controversy between the Oliver street and Madison avenue churches, just brought to a close. Mr. J. Millbank is also a great connoisseur in pictures, having a gallery of some $100,000. The Gaylers, parents of Mr. Charles Gayler, the dramatist, author of the "Original Fritz," also had a seat there. In a group in the centre of the church sat the Vanderpools, from whom descended our present Dock Commissioner, Jacob Vanderpool; William Colgate, the soap man, and the Bakers, whose daughter married the architect, Griffith Thomas. The first member introduced into the church by Mr. Cone was a near relative of the writer. The baptismal ceremony was performed in the East River, near the shipyard of Christian Bergh, father of Henry Bergh. It was rather a curious coincidence that the next-door neighbor to the church was Barrera, the manager of the old Chatham Theatre, near Pearl street. It may be added here that the quietude of the church service was in those days respected and preserved by chains extended across the street at either end of the church.

Bound to Go to the Circus.

The operatives of a silk mill in Paterson, N. J., asked permission to cease work so as to attend the circus then in town. The proprietors refused permission, and, as there was a prospect of rebellion, locked the doors and took away the key. After repeated demands to be liberated, one of the hands, with a screwdriver, took off the lock, and the liberated operatives rushed into the street with shouts of joy.

MATTHIAS MORGRIDGE OF WAYNE.

The Man who is Said to have Left Horace Greeley Nothing to Talk About.

EQUINUNK, Wayne County, Pa., Oct. 8.—Matthias Morgridge, 82 years of age, lives in the Union Settlement, three miles from this place. He was born in England. He sailed as a "powder monkey" on board one of the British transports that fetched the forces of that country to America to engage in the war of 1812. He saw the battle of New Orleans from the deck of the vessel. The ship he was on took back to England what was left of Pakenham's command after the battle. Morgridge continued in the British naval service, and was a sailor on the Bellerophon, which conveyed Napoleon Bonaparte to St. Helena in 1817. He quitted the service the same year, and in 1820 came to Wayne County, when the country hereabout was mostly wilderness.

Mr. Morgridge's eccentricities have made him celebrated not only in this but adjoining counties. He is noted for the power of his voice and a remarkable flow of language. In his prime he could make himself heard half a mile without any exertion. He could speak without cessation at that pitch of voice for 24 hours at a time. Once he delivered an address in the barroom of the Allen House in Honesdale. He spoke two days and a night. Then he was offered $10 to stop. "Ten thousand dollars couldn't make me stop," he replied, "until I exhaust my subject," and he spoke five hours longer and quit. He never went into any town that he did not have half of its population at his heels listening to his rapid and sonorous relation of his experiences and his wonderful fund of anecdotes. He tells with great satisfaction an incident that occurred to him when he went on a visit to England many years ago. The first day out he went on deck and began to speak, walking about as he told his stories. All on board followed him from one side of the vessel to the other. This so annoyed the Captain that he finally gave Morgridge $50 to go below and sit still while he talked. Morgridge would tell stories hour after hour replete with wit and humor, and narrated in an inimitable manner. He had a story to fit any emergency. No one ever heard him tell one twice except it related to his personal experience, and the person is yet to be found who ever heard any of Morgridge's stories before he told it himself.

Some years after he settled in Wayne County he was elected Justice of the Peace and appointed Postmaster. An enemy had him indicted for holding two offices of trust and profit, contrary to law. On the trial his only defence was that neither office was one of profit, and the only trust that attached to either was to that of Postmaster, as he had trusted everybody for stamps that had asked him to. The defence was accepted by the jury, and he was acquitted.

Mr. Morgridge was always a great admirer of Horace Greeley. He took the *New York Tribune* from its start up to the time of Mr. Greeley's death. Once he visited New York. He called at the *Tribune* office, and was admitted to an interview with the great editor. He at once introduced himself, and for two hours, as he relates, filled the sanctum with incidents in his life, stories, and opinions on current subjects and individuals, without giving Mr. Greeley a chance to get in a word. Finally he stopped suddenly and said: "Now, Mr. Greeley, you talk a little." "Mr. Greeley got out of his chair," says Mr. Morgridge, "as if he was going out of the office with a rush. Then he sat down again and cried out: 'By George, Mr. Morgridge, if there's anything left in creation to be said I'd like to know what it is!'" The *Tribune* soon afterward printed an account of the interview.

At the age of 82 Matthias Morgridge is physically in excellent condition. His mind, however, is gradually failing. He has nine living children, thirty-six grandchildren, and twelve great-grandchildren. One of his grandchildren lives in this village. She is a slight, fair-haired girl of 20. It is not an uncommon thing for her to begin her day's work by getting breakfast for twenty-five employees of the great tannery here, besides putting up from a dozen to fifteen dinners for men going to the woods after bark, all before daybreak.

Queer Problems Discussed by Harvard Students Two Centuries Ago.

From the Boston Advertiser.

The Rev. Edward J. Young of Cambridge has reprinted from the proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society an exceedingly entertaining paper presented by him at the June meeting on the subjects discussed by the candidates for the degree of Master of Arts at Harvard College from 1655 to 1791. Most of them have remained until now undisturbed in the dead language in which they were written, and Mr. Young was the first person who has undertaken to collect, translate, and classify them. The earliest programme preserved bears the date of 1635, before modern science and sociology were born; but the young gentlemen seem to have faced the vast problems of life and destiny with the same confidence with which their great-grandchildren face them now. It must remain for another century or another cycle to determine which are the wiser. The questions treated cover a vast range of learning in politics, philosophy, science, medicine, law, ethics, the church and ministry, and the mysteries of Biblical criticism, of which the following are a fair example:

SOCIETY AND THE STATE.

Is temporal dominion founded in grace?
Neg. 1692, 1697, 1700, 1715.
Are the Americans Israelites?
Neg. 1699.
Does the issue of paper money contribute to the public good?
Aff. 1728.
Is agriculture unbecoming a gentleman?
Neg. 1728.
Is it lawful to resist the supreme magistrate if the commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved?
Aff. 1743. Samuel Adams.
Is civil government absolutely necessary for men?
Aff. 1758. John Adams.
Would the advice of Paul to Timothy, to "use a little wine," bring him under the power of the tavern keepers?
Neg. 1754.
Is the Federal system the best fitted, above all other human institutions, for fighting a royal tyrant?
Aff. 1781. George Richard Minot.
Ought the citizens of a republic to be compelled to accept and fill offices of public service?
Aff. 1784. Samuel Dexter.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

Can every perfect being be perfectly defined?
Aff. 1655.
Does the will always follow the last dictate of the intellect?
Neg. 1676. Aff. 1686, 1692, 1700 et al.
Is doubt the beginning of all indubitable philosophy?
Aff. 1691.
Can thought originate from matter however modified?
Neg. 1761.
Is there a stone that makes gold?
Aff. 1687.
Is the quadrature of the circle possible?
Aff. 1693.
Was there a rainbow before the deluge?
Neg. 1759. Aff. 1766.
Did the reptiles of America originate from those that were preserved by Noah?
Aff. 1769.
Is the sun habitable?
Aff. 1772. Theophilus Parsons.
Were the aborigines of America descended from Abraham?
Aff. 1773.

The questions in physiology and medicine relate to the circulation of the blood and inoculation of small-pox, then comparatively new discoveries, and not universally accepted; sympathetic powers and universal remedies, of which there were some advocates, together with matters of practice still in controversy, and matters of ethics, such as, "Ought physicians to pray for the health of the people?" treated affirmatively 1724; and, "Should the fees of physicians on the Lord's day be counted as their own?" which was treated negatively in 1727, and affirmatively forty years later. The following are questions relating to law:

Can an atheist appear in court?
Neg. 1693.
Is extortion unbecoming a lawyer?
Aff. 1731.
Ought an advocate to be convinced that his client's cause is just before he undertakes it?
Neg. 1733. Aff. 1789.
If Lazarus by a will made before his death had given away his property, could he have legally claimed it after the resurrection?
Neg. 1738, 1754, 1769.
Are laws and lawyers united together by a certain common and indissoluble bond?
Aff. 1789. Harrison Gray Otis.

In regard to the predominance of theological subjects, Prof. Young remarks that the training of ministers was one of the chief objects for which the college had been founded. The first settlers were colonists, who believed in a church without a bishop and who subsequently demanded a State without a king; they were vehemently opposed to the Episcopalians and the Roman Catholics on the one side, and to the Baptists on the other. The narrow range of vision allowed is indicated by the nature of many of the topics treated, and the extremely conservative manner of their treatment:

Are the Hebrew points of Divine origin?
Aff. 1691. Cotton Mather.
Are there in the sacred scriptures real contradictions which cannot be in any way explained?
Neg. 1759. Jonathan Trumbull.
When Balaam's ass spoke, was there any change of its organs?
Neg. 1731. Josiah Quincy.
Were Samson's foxes, as they are commonly called, animals?
Neg. 1738. Sampson Sheafe.
Would it be lawful to imitate some of the imprecations of David at the present time?
Neg. 1741.
Did Jacob's opposition to his wife while she was dying, in calling his son Benjamin, when she had previously named him Benoni, proceed more from his determination to exercise his authority as a husband, than from his petulant disposition?
Aff. 1741.
When the shadow went back on the sun dial of Hezekiah, did the shadows go back on all sun dials?
Aff. 1769. Neg. 1771.

THE CHURCH AND THEOLOGY.

Is polite literature an ornament to a theologian?
Aff. 1729. Mather Byles.
Should the limits of church fellowship be narrower than those of eternal salvation?
Neg. 1749.
Ought ministers of the Christian Church to preach politics?
Neg. 1769, 1772.
Is original sin both sin and punishment?
Aff. 1674. Samuel Sewall.
Would the human body before the Fall naturally have tended toward dissolution?
Neg. 1764, 1730. Aff. 1772.
Will the blessed in the future world, after the last judgment, make use of articulate speech, and will that be Hebrew?
Aff. 1747. Edward Bass (first Bishop of the Episcopal church in Massachusetts, consecrated in 1797.)
Does an immutable decree destroy human freedom?
Neg. 1766. Josiah Quincy.